

YULETIDE MERRIMENT

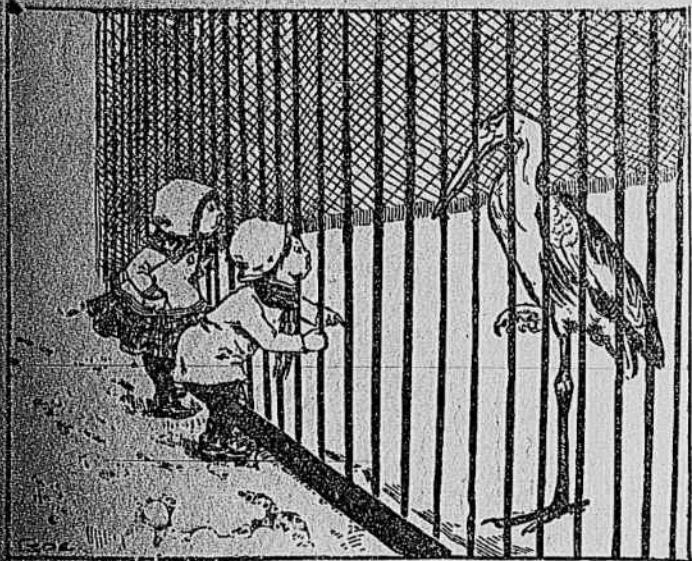


HORRIBLE APPARITION.

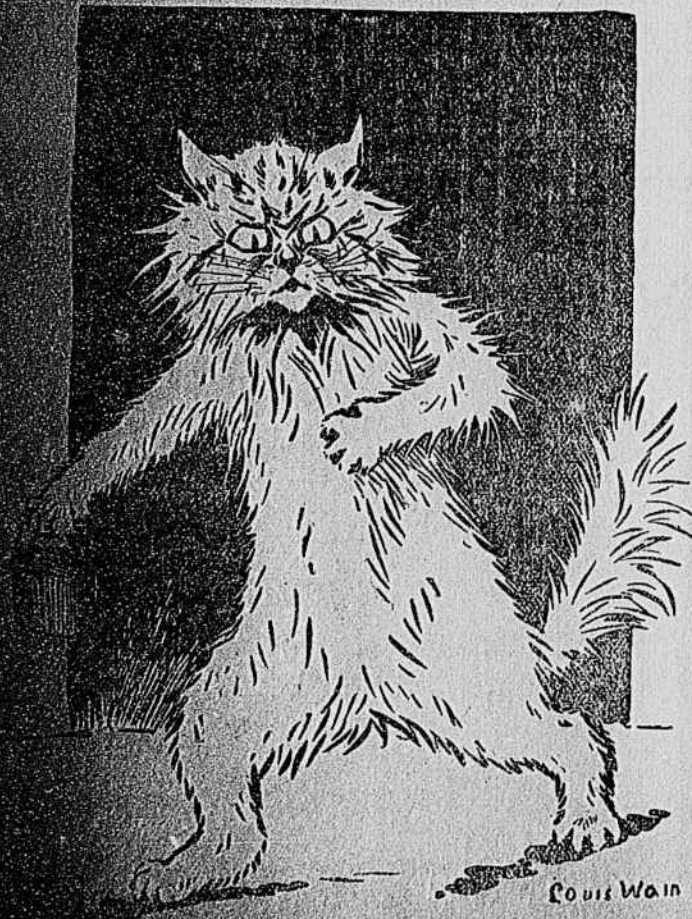


Jake Grinnel saw it with his own eyes when returning from the Christmas festivities at the Blue Pig and says he'll never disbelieve in the potency of spirits any more.

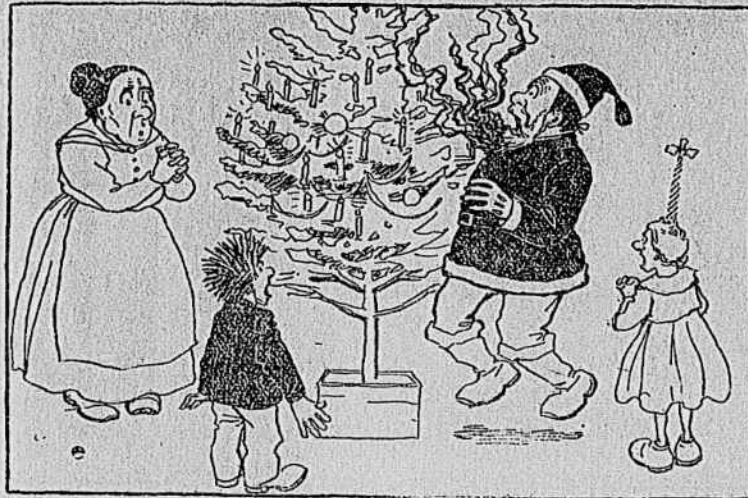
ENVIED BY THE SHORT LEGS.



Oh, Susannah! Just look a-her! Couldn't he hang up the great things for Santa Claus?"



CALL THIS A PINT OF MILK?"



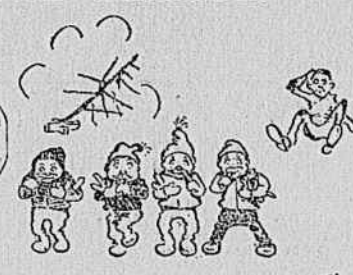
THE KIND MISSIONARY AND THE ESKIMOS.



1. Missionary (to little Eskimos)—Now, children, I've got up a regular civilized Christmas tree and—



2. ESK!



3. Chorus of Eskimos (with mouths full)—Clissmas heap all right!—New York Evening Journal.

A GAME OF CHANCE FOR A CHRISTMAS TURKEY.



Mr. Cooney—Yum, yum!
Mr. Cooper—Ah, hah!



Mr. Cooney—Birdie, cum off yo' perch!
Mr. Cooper—Ah, there, my size! Come hither!

THE TRIMMINGS.

Go 'way wid yoh celery,
Yoh inters an yoh pie,
Yoh gravy an yoh dressin,
'Case I see goller pass 'em by.
White folks dey kin eat 'em
Ef dey wants de taste,
But I come yere foh turkey,
An I see got no room to waste.
—Washington Star.

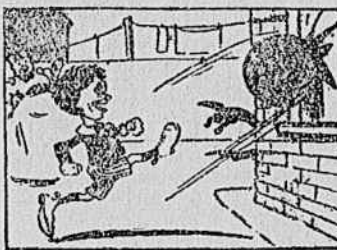
As He Remembered It.
"How did he escape?" inquired the detective.
"Well," replied the turnkey with the damaged eye, "he sort o' nicknamed himself out."
"What?"
"He pried his cell door open with a jimmy. Then he knocked me down with a billy."
"Yes?"
"And then he sallied out."—Chicago Tribune.

Campaign Contributions.
"I suppose the people of your state have much to be thankful for?" said the friend.
"Yes," said Senator Sorghum regretfully, "they have, to my personal knowledge. And a great deal of it was my money before election."—Washington Star.

WHY TOMMY LIKES WINTER.



1. Tommy is so pleased it's winter again, 'cos now he can make slides for fat old gentlemen to sprawl about on.



2. He can get hold of a football and smash other people's windows with it, which is grand fun—for him.



3. Then he can generally manage to catch a few colds these months and have to stop in bed and not go to school.

The Christmas Books.
The books, the books—the Christmas books,
With all their blue and golden looks,
With decked edges, scalloped covers,
For sages sad and sighing lovers,
May every bright one be a winner,
And give the writer Christmas dinner!
—Atlanta Constitution.



4. And—glorious thought—there's Christmas ahead, which is something to look forward to if you like—eh, you fellows?

Displayed Them.
Miss Tottie Triplightly, who'd nothing to wear,
Got her salary raised by the proprietaire;
So she bought some more clothes, and I'm sorry to state
The attendance diminished from that very date!
—Indianapolis Journal.

Deferred Classification.
"Is your new play a comedy or a tragedy?"
"I can't tell until I see how the audience takes it!"—Chicago Record.



THEY'LL HOLD MORE.



The Niece (in the rear): "Well, I did intend asking uncle to lend me his stocking to hang up for Santa Claus, but I think I'd better ask auntie to lend me hers."

IT LOOKED LIKE IT.



Scottie: "Aw widna be surprised tae see a breeze springin up the day."
—Ally Sloper.



"NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR."